It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſerue,
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh, fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shal I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doo good.
Q. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance, wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie they ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deede.
Qu. I goe, write to me very ſhortlie.
Kin. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, farewel *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious ſoueraigne, on the weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall,
And there thy hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesbie, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, poſt thou to Salisburie,
When thou comeſt there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill? and goeſt not to the Duke.
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace, I ſhall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſentlie at Salisburie.

Rat.

Rat. What is it your hignes pleaſure, I ſhal do at Salisbury?
King. Why, what wouldſt thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
Kin. My mind is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doeſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou maiſt tell thy tale a neareſt way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie ſoueraigne, but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Dar. Stird vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire Emptie? is the ſword vnſwaied?
Is the king dead? the empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then, to beate him backe?
Where are thy tennants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie ſoueraigne.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,

He